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JACINTA

AND OTHER VERSES

By HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

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For out of olde feldes as men seith
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere
And out of olde bokes in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men lere

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Jacinta

JACINTA

A Californian Idyll

And Other Verses

By

Howard V. Sutherland



Doxey's
At the Sign of the Lark
New York
1900

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To

FRANK DEARDORF

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JACINTA:

A CALIFORNIAN IDYLL

JACINTA

I SING of home, of western shore,
Which hears each morn and night the sea
With mighty crash and booming roar
Give praise to God eternally;
Upon whose sands are sometimes hurled
The wreckage of one half the world.

I sing of home because I know
My land of purple, green and gold;
Because I love it, and although
I live in exile still I hold
Of all earth's queenly lands the best
Is still the sea-lapped, sun-lit West.



Jacinta

I sing thereof because my soul
 Is sick with longing and I fain
Would see the shining aureole
 That crowns the west, when down the main
The sun goes royally; the light
Around him and behind — the night.

How well I know that sea of mine
 When angry Tritons churn its deeps;
When maddened waves upheave their brine
 Against the land's rock-armored steeps;
And sullenly retreat again —
Their frenzied onslaught all in vain.

Towards the blind and barren beach
 Whose breast is strewn with shell and weed,
The waves' white hands forever reach
 Until the waves themselves recede
And arch their splendid backs in wrath
And burst in floods of foam and froth.

Jacinta

How well I know the wheeling gulls;
 The hollow howling of the wind;
The barking seals; the fitful lulls;
 The surf; the dreary dunes behind;
The frowning clouds, close-wedged, enorme,
The grim spectators of the storm.

What bodes the ocean's empty rage?
 Why howl these foolish winds so loud?
The Westland has its heritage —
 Immunity from storm and cloud.
There cannot be eternal war
Between the sea and this fair shore.

While yet the sea-lashed Tritons fight
 The sun appears and bids them cease;
The skies are tinged with golden light,
 The winds and waters sign a peace.
And ere the sands have drunk their fill
A silence falls o'er sea and hill.

Jacinta

How well I know my western land
That clothes itself each month anew
With blooms more golden than the sand,
As white as snow, than sky more blue —
Dear flowers that are content to be
Like nuns in their humility!

The poppy, iris, marguerite,
The larkspur and the violet;
The honeysuckle, fresh and sweet,
The bluebell and the mignonette;
The pansy (loved of Proserpine),
Forget-me-not and eglantine.

And others which I cannot name
Yet which are fair as flowers are;
Each morn, behold, they weep with shame
At having wooed some distant star
Which saw them not, but loved in turn
The moon, for which all stars must yearn.

Jacinta

Dear blooms, the world were drear indeed
 Were you not here to make it gay;
You make us think who sowed the seed,
 Who closes you at end of day.
You may be humble, yet you teach
Us more, perhaps, than they who preach.

How fair those morns when o'er the deep
 Sets sail to wearied pagan lands
The poppy-freighted ship of sleep
 To give men rest and ease their bands.
Soft music seems to fill the air
As though the angels choired there.

How good each summer afternoon
 To lie amid the sedges tall
And render thanks for God's best boon —
 To be alive and feel it all;
To be a part of land, of sea,
The Past and of Eternity;

Jacinta

To hear the music of the shell,
To feel the joyous wind's caress,
To see the ocean's bosom swell
And know Who makes it restless — yes,
To be a very part of Him
Who sends the mighty seraphim

To beat the waters back and forth,
And drag the ocean's silvered floors;
To tear the icefloes from the North,
To light the lamps at heaven's doors;
To fling the snow on mountain crest
And drive the sun from east to west.

When evening falls, with crimson blush
The sky beholds the earth prepare
To woo the night. A solemn hush
Pervades the faintly-perfumed air,
Unless, perchance, by lonely bird
The dreaming hills and woods are stirred.

But soon the singer seeks its nest,
Night's sentries guard the purpled dome;
The very sea inclines to rest
And gives the ocean birds a home.
The hopeless moon, like pale-faced nun,
Still dreams about the kingly sun.

O'er sands and sea, o'er hill and vale,
A sense of peacefulness descends;
No more the insects drone the tale
Of how the day's short pleasure ends;
No more the straggling bees make known
Their love in language all their own.

But very soon the winds arise
And murmur softly to the trees
The songs they hear in Paradise —
The holy angels' symphonies.
And while they sing with voices deep
The West, my West, is lulled to sleep.

* * * * * *

Jacinta

THE IDYLL

A HILLY sea-coast, cleft in two,
Some rocks, with barking seals at play;
A ruined fort which dares the blue
And gray Pacific day by day.
Deceptive slopes where bugles blow;
A bay secure from storm or foe.

A youthful city, throned on hills,
A city loved of wind and sun —
A chalice which the evening fills
With peacefulness when day is done;
O'er which the golden rays decline
In steady streams of amber wine.

To some a mother, on whose breast
Most weary men from older lands
Can lay their tired heads and rest
Till strength returns to heart and hands;
Till will returns to up and move
The slow world upward, groove by groove.

Jacinta

To some a youth, alert and proud,
Whose Titan father sought his mate
Among our hills, half-veiled in cloud;
A youth unfearing, sure of Fate,
Determined, friend of Right and Truth —
A type of noblest western youth.

To some who look with lovers' gaze
And point her beauty out at night,
She seems a mistress all ablaze
With countless jewels, red and white;
Outstretched above the sea she lies,
Unuttered dreamings in her eyes.

The four great winds of heaven strive
To do her service loyally;
When stars wax amorous they drive
The spectral mist from off the sea
And hide her underneath its wings
Until the day's first herald sings.

Jacinta

The waters play about her feet,
 The breezes sport above her head;
In winter's cool, in summer's heat
 Amid the hills she hath her bed;
And be her pillow green or brown
'Mid flowers she can lay her down.

In future years, it hath been writ,
 This western State shall rise and draw
All earnest-purposed men to it,
 All laden ships towards its shore;
And proudly on the wooing air
Shall float the Banner of the Bear.

And San Francisco shall be made
 The arbitress 'twixt West and East,
Adjudging fairly, unafraid;
 Her tribunals toward the least
And to the greatest e'er shall be
A very spring of Equity.

Jacinta

Religion, Industries and Arts
 Shall here abide in those dim years
When older lands, with older marts,
 Are blotted out beneath the tears
Of humble workers; worn away
By breath of Time's sad serf — Decay.

* * *

O western land, O western town,
 O western women, western men,
When comes the day that I go down
 To sunless lands and sleep, ah, then,
I beg ye grant to me the love
So hard a-winning here above.

So hard a-winning, though I sought
 By humble means to make it mine;
Not only has the soldier fought,
 But even he who hears divine
Sad songs within his sunless heart
And strives their message to impart

Jacinta

To men and women wed to toil;
 To those who have no time to hear
The voice that rises o'er the broil
 Yet reaches only dreamer's ear,
And whispers him of peace and rest
And recompense for earth's oppressed.

And very oft the man who sings
 Is wounded; but he dares not tell
About his wounds, his sufferings —
 He smiles, and all seems passing well.
The song is heard; but who shall heed
The singer or the singer's need?

And though I heard a spirit sing
 About these sundown seas and lands,
I could not tell ye everything —
 I do my best. God understands.
And ye? Ye will remember, then,
My western women, western men?

* * *

Jacinta

Upon a hill that faced the sea
A cottage stood, a humble place,
Yet built of fragrant redwood tree
And fashioned with a certain grace
That spoke of taste and made one fain
To pause and look at it again.

Its walls were hid beneath a veil,
Where birds made nests, of lasting green;
And roses red and roses pale
And one big bunch of jessamine
Entwined the latticed porch and made
A scent as of a forest glade.

A garden filled with shady trees
And old-time flowers grew around;
They nodded idly in the breeze
Or cast their petals on the ground;
While watchful hedges kept at bay
The dune's encroachment day by day.

Jacinta

'T was early morn. The sun as yet
Just stained the peaks with golden dye;
From out its leafy minaret
A songster carolled at the sky
And sought from out its nest to stir
Each sleepy feathered worshipper.

The sea was like a silver shield,
Which scarcely seemed to rise or fall;
But when the sunbeams lit each field
The shield was sapphire-hued, and all
The waves awoke and clapped their hands
And raced towards their love — the sands.

And suddenly one sound was heard,
The mingled music of the deep,
The joyful wind, the careless bird —
All nature, fresh-aroused from sleep.
One endless song, one mighty hymn;
God's playthings giving thanks to Him.

Jacinta

The door was opened and there came
From out the house with stately tread
And peaceful mien an aged dame;
The silvered hair upon whose head
Was like a crown Time gives the old —
More honored than a crown of gold.

Your golden crowns are only worn
In empty pomp by fated kings;
But silvered hair, like crown of thorn,
Suggestive is of higher things.
It tells of sorrow and of care
Yet hints of triumph o'er despair.

The dame's arrival seemed a sign
For chicks of every size and kind
In piping chorus to combine
And follow noisily behind
Their chatelaine, who also fed
The birds that twittered overhead.

Jacinta

And then among the younger flowers
She moved and gathered, one by one,
The sweet companions of the hours
Whose lives, alas, so soon are done;
And thought, perhaps, how even she
Must brave some day the Greater Sea.

But ere her posy was complete
The door was opened once again
By one who ran with tripping feet
That touched the path like summer rain
To where the smiling mother stood —
Still conscious of her motherhood.

Jacinta this; a simple girl
Of seventeen, who had not spent
Her childhood in the fevered whirl
Of city life, where backs are bent
And souls are dwarfed beneath the load
We all must pack along the road.

Jacinta

A child at heart, who had not known
The city's base temptations; for
With mother she had lived alone
Above the sea, above the shore —
Above the rocks, above the wrecks,
Beyond the touch of derelicts.

A flower born 'neath redwood trees
Transplanted to the peaceful heights;
A playmate of the rain and breeze,
Of shadows and of changing lights.
As much a part of nature as
The poppies and azaleas.

A simple girl whose faith was still
As whole as piping bird's may be;
Who saw a glory on the hill
And heaven's mirage on the sea;
Whose trust in all her kind was sure
Because herself was good and pure.

Jacinta

A comely maid she was. Her hair
Was golden as the autumn grain;
Her eyes were blue; her skin was fair
Despite the touch of wind and rain.
She seemed a dryad of the wood
Just merging into womanhood.

She kissed her mother; then she placed,
With girlish pride in girlish strength,
A rounded arm about her waist;
And so they slowly walked the length
Of all their world, until at last
'T was time to break the morning's fast.

* * *

O ye who idly while away
The morn, the noon, the eve, the night,
Forget not those who never play —
The little ones who have to fight
To earn their daily loaf of bread,
To pay for clothes or trundle-bed.

Jacinta

They are so young, they are so frail,
 They were not made to work like men;
The blood that leaves those cheeks so pale
 Can ne'er be conjured back again.
Those little limbs, so weak, so thin,
How can these children conquer sin?

How few of them have seen the sea!
 How few have spent a holiday
Among the trees where they should be
 Instead of withering away
Beneath the tiles, upon the street,
Exposed alike to cold and heat!

Had ye a sister? Look at these!
 A brother? See those urchins there!
The sweat shops and the factories
 Are fed with such from year to year;
And later on the prisons reap
The unripe harvest. Can ye sleep?

Jacinta

There are so many to assist;
 There is so much that ye can do
To help the little ones who missed
 The joys of life. If ye but knew
How oft they hunger, I am sure
Ye 'd help the children of the poor.

* * *
* *
*

WITHIN the city there did dwell
 An unknown youth, John Orme by name;
Whom fortune favored not too well
 Although he fought his way to fame
In after years — as all must do
Who wish to join the chosen few.

Jacinta

An upright lad of kingly heart,
Of kingly mien and kingly soul;
A lad to take and play a part
And leave his name on honor's scroll.
A lad whom men would love and whom
A girl would follow to the tomb.

A western lad who had not been
Beyond the borders of his State,
But knew full well (for he had seen)
What makes our California great;
And was content to stay and be
A partner in her destiny.

* * *

Look out upon your fertile land,
Ye Californians, and be proud;
The sea is yours, that golden sand,
Those mountains which defy the cloud;
Those valleys rich in fruit and corn
Those streams where trout and salmon spawn.

Jacinta

Ye have of precious ore your share,
 Ye have your cattle and your steeds;
Ye have your solemn forests where
 No drunken Pan e'er piped on reeds
To break the dreams of redwood trees
As hoary as the centuries.

Your sons are clean souled, brave and strong,
 Good men to love, good men to fight;
Good men to rectify a wrong
 When once they start to set things right,
And make new laws and simpler creeds
To suit their fellows' many needs.

Your daughters are as fair as pearls,
 As pure as purest pearl can be;
(A health to all dear western girls
 Across the land, across the sea!)
Behold their strength of limb, their grace;
Ye need not fear for western race.

Jacinta

Look out upon this State of yours,
 Ye Californians of to-day;
The world is at your very doors —
 Ye cannot keep the world away;
And in your dreams when ye are dead
Ye 'll hear it tramping overhead.

* * *

They met at first beside the sea —
 The sea which gives and takes again;
The restless priest of Destiny
 Whose very voice is fraught with pain;
The sea which never sleeps, and sees
Such sorrow and such tragedies!

And then they met upon the hills
 Each drawn towards the other by
That force which guides and sometimes stills
 The flaming meteors of the sky.
And soon Jacinta knew no more
The peace that had been hers before.

For though they talked of other things,
About their hopes, about their fears,
Love touched them gently with its wings
And lo! it seemed that they for years
Had wandered thus on hills or sand,
Two happy children, hand in hand.

And soon John loved her, as a weed
Might love a rose; for he was poor
And never dreamed that she had need
Of him to make her peace secure.
And she, whose prayers were still unheard,
Knew all, but could not say a word.

The months passed by till one late noon
The maiden and the mother sat
Beside their door, nor thought how soon
A Visitor would knock thereat
And beckon one to come and see
The glory of God's majesty.

Jacinta

The mother's thoughts were with the past,
Her soul was with her patient dead;
But life's blue sky was overcast
For sweet Jacinta, and instead
Of dreaming of the coming years
She dreamed of John amid her tears.

And soon she knelt beside the dame
And sobbed unhindered; then she told
About her love and how he came
Across her path, like knight of old;
And how the very dunes seemed fair
And beautiful when he was there.

And how a glory clothed the sea
Because she saw it through his eyes;
And how the bright stars seemed to be
The outer lamps of Paradise,
And all because God's ministers
Had made her his and made him hers.

Jacinta

Alone they were, those sacred ones —
The maid and mother; both akin
In purity to purest nuns
Who ever pray for those who sin;
The maid and mother — links that bind
The spirit world with humankind.

Across the embowered portico
The first sad heralds of the mist
With faces veiled and footsteps slow
Crept past to keep their phantom tryst,
And laid their cool moist fingers on
The roses' cheeks in benison.

The sea was hid beneath a pall
Which spread along the sand's soft bed,
And soon the lonely dunes and all
The shore was hid; while overhead
The mist swept past and every hill
Wore Death's gray robe and was as still.

Jacinta

The mother kissed her grieving child
And stroked her hair and bade her be
Less sad of heart and reconciled
To God's own will and surely He
Would one day, when He deemed it best,
Set both their troubled hearts at rest.

* * *

That self-same night there softly trod
The winding stairways of the skies
An angel from the courts of God —
A Gardener, with kindly eyes
Most calm with age, most kind with love,
Who tends the gardens there above.

He was not heard, he was not seen,
Nor did he make his presence known;
For though the Gardener has been
Each night to earth since first were sown
The flowers he culls, and holds so dear,
Men think of him, and will, with fear.

Jacinta

They do not know how good he is,
 How very wise, how very kind;
As old as human frailties —
 To all our imperfections blind.
They do not know he plants us all
In gardens near God's tribunal.

That night he walked along the shore
 And saw among the hills afar
A cottage he had passed before,
 The door of which was left ajar.
He went thereto and oped it wide
And saw two flowers, side by side.

Asleep they lay. The one still fair —
 A simple child whose cheeks were wet;
The angel saw her golden hair
 And folded hands and said: "Not yet,
Sweet one, so young; for thou must learn
The joys of life ere I return.

Jacinta

"The flowers of yonder land above
Have known life's joy, have known its pain;
Have known its grief, have known its love,
Have seen night turn to day again.
The buds are only gathered when
They might be bruised by thoughtless men."

He passed to where the other lay,
Narcissus-white, with heart of gold;
He touched her, saying: "Come away
To where thy petals may unfold!"
She sighed in sleep, then sweetly smiled
And woke to plead for her dear child.

* * *
* *
*

Jacinta

'TWAS evening now. Two days had gone
To join the Past since on the heights
The angel walked and left thereon
A simple flower to brave the nights —
The awful nights, the barren days
When one departs and one still stays.

The air was now so calm, serene,
So full of subtle promisings,
One scarce believed that Death had been
Along that way, or that his wings
Perhaps were drooping even then
Above the heads of boastful men.

The sun was setting. O'er the grass
Belated sunbeams cast their gold
Like careless spendthrifts whom, alas,
The cloak of night must soon enfold,
And who can never read the sky
And learn how soon they have to die.

Jacinta

The sky was robed in pearly gray,
With fringe of violet and blue,
With lemon tints where yet the day
Was disappearing, passing through
The heaven's arch to light the least
Of all the mountains in the East.

The glinting city seemed asleep,
Its revelry was laid aside;
For men are glad to rest and keep
The Sabbath holy, o'er the wide,
Wide world wherein they come and go
Like human ships, tossed to and fro.

And e'en the sea was very still,
The waves rolled softly up the sand;
No sound was heard on dunes or hill —
The world appeared to understand
That Grief had left her biding place
To be on earth a little space.

Jacinta

Among the hills where few men tread
There lies an acre hedged around,
Wherein repose the peaceful dead —
A silent place where ne'er a sound
Except the piping of a bird
Or crash of distant surf is heard.

A humble place except to them
Who sojourn there, and know that they
Will some day see the cherubim
Pour forth the mighty vials of Day
Upon the purpled robes of Night
And flood the world with purest light.

Without, the restless sedges wave
Their lissome arms towards the sea;
Within, above each grass-locked grave
Sweet flowers bloom eternally.
Without, nor winds nor worries cease;
Within is ever rest and peace.

* * *

Jacinta

Whoe'er thou art thou shalt be borne
One day to such a resting place;
And though thy heart be glad or torn
When thou hast run thy little race
Thou, too, shalt lay thee down and find
Good rest in death, and peace of mind.

Whoe'er thou art, or rich or poor,
The Gardener will come for thee
And place thy cross this side the door
And lay thee with his company,
And thou shouldst not be loath to leave
The life wherein one has to grieve.

Whoe'er thou art, or sick or well,
Thou shalt be borne by others there;
Thou dost not know, no man can tell
Of thy hence-taking, when or where.
But thou shouldst not be loath to sleep
Where none will dream and none will weep.

Jacinta

Whoe'er thou art, or young or old,
Thou shouldst be more than glad to go,
To leave thy poverty or gold
For those who still must reap and sow;
For there among those silent friends
All toil is o'er, all sorrow ends.

* * *

Along the central path there crept
A slow procession; first there were
The men who bore the one who slept
And who would soon be resting there;
While many women walked behind
With children restless as the wind.

Towards a grave they wound their way —
An open grave which soon would hide
Until the final Judgment Day
The humbled dust that lay inside.
And when at last they came thereto
They laid the casket down and drew

Around their priest who knew each one —
 Had blessed them all before at birth
And when their little lives were done
 Would bless and lay them in the earth,
And pray for them by night and day
Until he, too, was lured away.

He spoke to them in simple speech
 And told them all that man can tell,
The lessons that the Scriptures teach —
 The promise that it shall be well
With those who do their humble best
And lay them down in faith to rest.

He told them how each mortal must
 Pass on towards that higher sphere,
And leave as tribute here his dust
 Which grows so heavy as we near
The little door that closes fast
When once the wanderer has passed.

Jacinta

He told them of that fairer place
Where we shall meet at trumpet call
And see our Maker face to face
And learn the reason of it all:
Where loved ones linger side by side
And are forever satisfied.

He paused awhile till sturdy men
The casket lowered to its bed
Upon the yellow clay, and then
He cast on it some earth and said
Those mighty words that promise life
Yet wound the heart like keenest knife.

The mourners stayed until the grave
Was satisfied. When all was through
The priest to each his blessing gave
And all went homewards; all save two —
Jacinta, one; the other, John,
Who could not leave but lingered on.

Jacinta

They stood together, hand in hand,
A western lad, a western maid;
Afar was heard upon the sand
Each wave's faint murmur as it laid
Its tribute at her golden feet
And died ere conquest was complete.

And solemn bells would chime and then
Be lost in space; content to be
Of moment's use — reminding men
Of prayer and of eternity,
And how they too must fade away
As fades the sunshine, ray by ray.

The heavens were darkened now; the stars,
Like vestal virgins whom the sun
Keeps prisoners behind the bars,
Stepped slowly forth and, one by one,
Prepared to greet and glorify
The stately empress of the sky.

Jacinta

The winds in numbers sad and slow
 Had sung the dead day's requiem;
Had seen its courtiers seawards go,
 Had seen the evening follow them;
They lingered now upon the hill
Where all, except the sedge, was still.

One almost seemed to feel the breath
 Of angels on the scented air;
Or was it yet the wings of Death,
 The Gardener, who hovered there
Above the silent, grieving twain
And fain had made them glad again?

Jacinta sobbed as though her heart
 Were like to break; for still it seemed
She could not dare to play her part
 Alone in life, where no star gleamed
To set her wandering feet aright
And comfort her throughout the night.

Jacinta

She knelt and prayed for help and strength
To do her work, to find her way
Throughout life's maze, and when at length
She rose again, it seemed a ray
Of light suffused her doubting soul
And made it strong again and whole.

And still they lingered side by side
Although they never spoke a word;
But He whom she had asked to guide
Her bark across the sea had heard
Her girlish prayer; for even while
She turned to John with weary smile,

To bid him take her home, he stood
In front of her and told his love;
And something whispered he was good
So, with a prayer to God above,
She gazed in his clear eyes and saw
Not only heaven —— something more.

Jacinta

THE LOST LIGHT

AS one in dreams awhile may clearly see
The much-loved face of one long passed away,
So, too, there comes, when saddest seems the day,
A fleeting glimpse of Paradise to me.
I see the hosts who wait with bended knee
Before the Throne whence glory streams alway;
I seem to hear the very words they say
In tones that make the wind's sweet melody.

But when my soul, returned from heaven, tries
With gentle song to still the hapless sighs
Of my pale fellows, slaves to grief and pain,
Expression fails me and while yet I seek
In halting rhyme the words I heard to speak,
The curtain falls and all grows dark again.

OUR LADY OF GREAT CONSOLATION

SHE stands secure above the world's unrest
To plead with God the sorrows of our race;
A mother's smile relights her thoughtful face
As each lone soul creeps sadly to her breast.
Within her arms (O arms so softly pressed
About thy babe!) each one may find a place
Who yearns for love and that all-sacred grace
With which at last earth's weary ones are blest.

Each one to her can falter out the tale
Of tasks attempted, how results would fail
The soul's ideal and the heart's desire;
And when, at last, the childish murmurs cease,
With soothing glance she gives the griever peace
And strength to brave the daytime's purging fire.

Jacinta

SAN FRANCISCO

(FROM THE HILLS)

'MID sedges tall this summer day I lie
And hear the waves fall softly on the sand.
So pure the air, it seems with outstretched hand
One e'en might touch that veil we call the sky.
From o'er the sea the wind with fretful sigh
Betakes its way across the fertile land,
Whose flaunting poppies form a golden band,
And dance before the sun's voluptuous eye.

Beyond the dunes a city, young but proud,
Uprears its front in sunshine or through cloud—
The fairest jewel on our country's breast;
A man-made city, whose strong voice shall sound
In days to come life's truths the world around,
And wake earth's leaders from their gold-drugged rest.

Jacinta

LYRIC

IN the wake of the moon is one faithful attendant
 Who finds his delight
In watching the face of his mistress resplendent,
 The Queen of the Night.

The moon has attained to the height of her power,
 The star is still pale;
'Twixt aught save the sun and the heaven's fair flower
 What love can avail?

So the nights turn to years, and the moon in her glory
 Still travels through space;
And the star gives no sign of his love or his story
 But watches her face.

CLOSE THE GATES

MAKE fast the gates through which for years have poured
The lawless hosts from yonder side the world;
Against our land these human shafts are hurled
And spread contagion from their own foul horde.
Dear to their souls are fire and the sword,
Like snakes they lie within the shadow curled;
They flout our flag — the flag which floats unfurled
Above their heads them freedom to afford.

Our men are idle and our women weep,
Their little babes go hungrily to sleep;
And still they come — Italians, Slavs and Greeks.
Make fast the gates against this human slime
For Want will drive our stalwart men to crime
And tempt their daughters with their whitened cheeks.

ART

THE same to-day with dim, dead yesterdays
True Art remains, beyond Death's welcome thrall,
And pays no heed to that imperious call
Whereby earth's great obtain their deathless bays.
Through gray-hued years, in drear, unlightened ways,
From on her throne she sees vast empires fall
Whose crumbling wrack ne'er soils her temple's wall,
Strong built and high, of envious chrysoprase.

And one sweet chord doth bind all souls who kneel,
Or once have knelt at her dear feet, and feel
That quenchless flame her chosen understand;
Thus they who sleep beneath Italian skies
Are one with those who hear the wind's soft sighs
With restful requiems woo our western land.

Jacinta

SCIENCE

WITH cool, calm brow and eyes dispassionate
She sits near Art, and sees her children wrest
The veil aside which shields the earth's warm breast
And, one by one, their victories consummate.
To those who dare, she shows both cause and fate
Of all vain things, and helps their eager quest
To read the words that crown life's sunlit crest
Before they seek, pale-lipped, Death's shadowed gate.

A teacher she, who makes her pupils find
Mysterious meanings in the rain and wind,
And hints of heaven in the humblest sod;
And though she rends, the rents but help to prove
The law behind — the law of ceaseless love
That proves Man's grand affinity with God.

THE EVENING STARS

THE stars that light the firmament,
I often think, are nuns,
Who purely lived and gladly went
To chant their orisons
In chorus at the golden door
Whence mercy streams forevermore.

We only see those nuns at night;
By day they kneel and pray
And ask of God to send us light
To drive our gloom away.
But every eve they sing and smile
And heavy hearts are glad the while.

THIS DAY'S MESSAGE

MAKE thou no plan of deeds that will be done
To-morrow — day that may not dawn for thee;
Perchance 't is writ this night the night shall be
Wherein thy soul by hungry Death is won.
E'er morning light thy life's last sands may run
Their fleeting course, and thou must brave that sea
Whose fearsome waters glide eternally
Between earth's shores and heaven's outpost sun.

To-day thou art; a few short hours are thine
Wherein to quaff of life's enchanting wine
Whose bitter dregs must, too, be drained at last.
To-morrow is to-morrow's. Canst thou say
What thou wilt do, or how wilt while away
The unborn hours to which thy right is past?

Jacinta

COMPENSATION

I DREAMED one night I stood before the seat
Of God in heaven, brooding o'er my past.
With bitter smile my bleeding soul I cast
For judgment in the flames about His feet.
But very soon my soul, made pure and sweet,
Flew back to me, and I beheld at last
My nobler self, angelic grown and vast,
And all my life seemed rounded and complete.

Abashed I stood, until an angel came
And led me thence to where the blessed Dame
Awaited us, upon her breast a dove.
She understood the look upon my face
Which seemed to ask: "Wherefore this gift of grace?"
So smiled and said: "Our God, is He not Love?"

DEATH

WITH restful lips, o'er which no laughter flies,
And mighty limbs, in gray hues garmented,
She sits and waits life's outcast, weary dead
To seal their mouths and close their frightened eyes.
No heed she pays to pleadings, nor to sighs,
But lays her hand on each care-weighted head
And gives it rest — God's promised rest — instead,
Until each one from sleep shall rearise.

And unto each she doth a gift bequeath —
To those who strived, perhaps, a laurel wreath;
To others sleep and sweet forgetfulness.
While unto those whose lips ne'er knew, above,
The fond communion of another's love,
She doth bestow, unknown, their first caress.

THE ONE FACE

AS one late rose, unspoiled by autumn winds,
Makes bright the garden, desolate and bare :
So one dear face, the soul's fond comforter,
Can with a smile make all the world seem fair.

THE PLAYERS' QUESTION

"WHENCE come the countless phantoms which we see
Filling our house, new-visaged every day?
Where do they go when once they pass away,
Silent, unnoticed, wrapt in mystery?
Who is this One (if One there truly be)
Who has the power to create and slay
Us, the poor puppets of this ghostly play
Which may continue through eternity?"

So ask the weary players; but, alas,
No answer comes till one by one they pass
(The priest, the fool, the soldier and the sage)
Behind the misty curtain and, revealed,
See what was once conjectured, though concealed—
A host of actors on a mighty stage.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITATION

BUT yesternight my own Belovèd came —
My sad soul's light, both wondrous fair and wise —
And lit awhile with rays from her sweet eyes
The humble room wherein I toil for fame.
So fair she seemed! About her head the same
Rich glory hovered that one sees in skies
That gain the day's last blessing, ere it flies
To tell earth's sorrow to the star-crowned Dame.

How good it was on that still ripening breast,
Forgetting all, my weary head to rest,
And cool my lips within her tresses' shade;
But when I sought, grown strong, to hold her hand
Within mine own that she might understand,
I sighed, and then — ah well, each dream must fade.

THE POET'S CREED

I FAIN would teach the beauties of belief,
In that grand creed wherein the one God bides,
Above all worlds and in all things, and guides
Our faltering steps, or long our lives or brief.
For good it is for us to know that grief
Is but a veil, without whose darkness hides
The Light of Lights in whom each soul confides
When Death to Life's sad doubting brings relief.

As phantom lights upon some lonely fen
Have lured astray the feet of weary men,
So worldly thought our bonds with God has rent.
In future years a star, a smile, a shower,
The morn's soft dew, the storm, the waking flower,
Will speak of Him and thus give men content.

Jacinta

LYRIC

COMMAND me not, my Queen, to go
From out thy sight;
To brave the storm, the blinding snow,
The starless night.

Within thy heart the shrine is placed
Whereat I pray;
Ah, send me not, fore'er disgraced,
In tears away.

But let on me the love-light shine
Within thine eyes,
Wherein is stored the light divine
When daytime dies.

HOPE AT THE GRAVE OF LOVE

O LOVE, dear Love, I stand my guard alone
In night's sad calm beside thy sacred tomb;
Weary am I, and frightened at the gloom
And at the sorrow in the poor wind's moan.
Oh, my Beloved! art thou not my own?
No fear have we to parted be by doom,
For we are one. Thou only canst relume
My lamp's pale light, half-spent and feeble grown.

My heart is stifled by these flowers' breath,
Which seems to whisper thou art one with Death
And not with me. Yon lonely cushat dove
Has ceased its song, and o'er the moistened grass
The hopeless shadows with vague movements pass
And pity me, who cry to thee, O Love!

Jacinta

WITH A VOLUME OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

THESE songs, dear friend, may softly speak to thee
Of happy hours, and soothe thy tender heart
Of all unrest, and heal perchance the smart
Of all thy woe and maiden misery.
These men could sing; their lovely melody
In many eyes has made the tear-drops start.
Their ware was love, the world was but the mart
In which they showed their songs to you and me.

And as you turn the throbbing pages o'er
Remember this: that though they are no more
Their words still live, like stars which shine above;
They ne'er will die, for hearts are still the same,
And sure are men of everlasting fame
Who croon the world to rest with songs of love.

Jacinta

WITH A TANAGRA STATUETTE

AS old, perhaps, though not so fair as She
Who through long years of restlessness has stood
The type of highest, purest womanhood,
This statue is, I herewith proffer thee.
That other's eyes look forward and they see
Thy sisters' future; these in pity brood
Above their past. Thus both are truly good
And worthy a true woman's sympathy.

Dear Lady, then, within some shrined recess
Place thou this one, whose downcast glances bless
The pallid brows of her most patient dead;
So she may gain, when thou shalt hover near,
Thy lamp's own light, and bear to each lone bier
New words of peace and hopefulness instead.

Jacinta

LYRIC

PALE lips that yearn for kisses,
Sad lips that ever grieve,
Red lips that know what bliss is
And taste of it at eve —
Bethink you how the flowers
Beneath the mould must lie;
They bloom a few short hours
And then they fade and die.

O blue eyes live with fire,
O black eyes lit with flame,
O eyes that wake desire
And eyes still soft with shame —
Bethink you time is flying
And love is passing, too;
At dawn you may be lying
Beneath the sombre yew!

Jacinta

There rest the old-time lovers,
 There sleep they, man and maid;
Too late each one discovers
 The sunshine turns to shade.
Bethink you, you must follow,
 As night-time follows day,
To where the hills are hollow
 And Love no more holds sway.

THE HIGHER PRAISE

(AT THE GRAVE OF RICHARD REALF, LONE MOUNTAIN)

WITH curling lip I sought that chosen place
Wherein, at last, earth's toilers rest, nor hear
The fretful call of songbird, or the drear
Dull boom of waves against the sad shore's face.
The hopeless fog had ceased its spectral race
In search of peace, which restless man holds dear
And seldom finds. The air was cool and clear;
The flowers slept and night came on apace.

Beneath a mound of simple green there lay
A man who sang, yet lacks the deathless bay,
And lies unheeded, though his art was great;
But while I mused the wind from o'er the sea
With scented breath crept gently up to me
And whispered low: "Unloved of all — save Fate!"

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

I LOOK beyond the sunshine and I see
Two ominous clouds grow larger day by day :
Across the gloom with fitful flashes play
The lightnings of our bondmen's enmity ;
Our shackled hordes creep forward as the sea
O'erfloods the land the which it gnaws away,
And 'neath each smile I see a blank dismay
Of what behind the future's veil may be.

I hear a tramping as of men at arms,
The bugles' shrilling and the drums' alarms,
The cries of children and the mothers' groans ;
The country trembles and the cities shake,
The fools make merry but the wise men quake —
They know the meaning of the undertones.

TO ONE IN DOUBT

IN one who treads each morn the mountains' height
And sees the golden glory everywhere
There is excuse, I hold, for sweet despair
When sunbeams fade before encroaching night.
The heart and soul crave ever ceaseless light
And prove thereby dependance on His care
From whom we say come all things good and fair —
Each feathered priest and petaled anchorite.

So when the shades with muffled footsteps creep
Along the paths to put the flowers to sleep
And phantom mists drop down o'er hill and dell,
The heart grows sad because the spirit seems
Too weak alone to face night's sombre dreams
Forgetting this: The gloom is God's as well.

Jacinta

LYRIC

O SWEET my loved one, hear my prayer,
Be thou mine own and love me!
So dear art thou, so proud, so fair —
Alas, so far above me.
Yet thou, perchance, dear love, wilt deign
To soothe a heart long steeped in pain,
For pity is a maiden's gain —
O sweet my loved one, hear!

So oft I 've prayed, my heart is sore.
When far from thee I sorrow,
And yet, alas, it pains me more
To meet thee on the morrow.
Ah, would that I were fondly pressed
Against thy true, all-sacred breast,
Then, then, ah then, might I find rest —
O sweet my loved one, hear!

Jacinta

ROBERT BROWNING

O POET Soul! whose most melodious songs
Can soothe the heart attuned to Life's sweet sorrow,
Our doubting minds from thy great strength can borrow
That wondrous faith for which the God-Soul longs.
Star-pure and calm amidst seraphic throngs
Thou watchest now our stumbling feet, which follow
Thy beaten track which on some hallowed morrow
Shall lead us home from out this world of wrongs.

As minor stars from out the central sun
Beget their light, so we, till all is done,
May solace find in soul-born melody;
We turn to thee, between whose every line
The primal thoughts of human welfare shine —
Life, Love and God, and Immortality!

TO ONE WHO WEARS OPALS

THINK not, dear lady, that a fateful gem
Around thy form can cast unhallowed spell;
But rather know that it belongs full well
Among the stones that form thy diadem.
Fair are they all, but mistress over them,
Lady, thou art, as rules the asphodel
Among the drooping flowers, when the knell
Of day's sad burial sounds their requiem.

Nay, I do hold, at sight of thy kind face
Those opals gain fresh virtues and the grace
That is, dear lady, thine and e'er will be;
They thus become thy guards, whose duties are
From hurt and harm of envious, baneful star
Through night's and day's long hours to keep thee free.

THE HIGHER MARRIAGE

ONE summer's eve in yonder church I whiled
An hour away in meditative prayer,
And while I dreamed, a maid, most young and fair,
With silent step approached the Dame most mild.
Before her feet, with loving touch, the child
Laid fresh-culled roses, odorous and rare,
Whose scents commingled and possessed the air
In purest passion, warm yet undefiled.

Ah, when the soul forsakes this house of clay
To roam untrammelled through the courts of Day
And seek its fond companions of the past,
May it not be that we (whose love is vain)
May taste the sweets of innocence again
And share the perfumes' purity at last?

A PRAYER FOR A MAN'S PASSING

LET me not pass till eve,
 Till that day's fight is done;
What soldier cares to leave
 The field until it 's won!
And I have loved my work and fain
Would be deemed worthy of the ranks again.

Let twilight come, then night,
 And when the first birds sing
Their matin songs, and light
 Wakens each slumbering thing,
Let Someone waken me, and set
 My feet to steps that lead me upward yet.

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